

A TALE of THE TUBBS or ROMES MASTER PEICE Defeated



If Englands Prayers be heard, and Senate sit;

Down goes proud Rome, French Arms, and Northern Wit.

The Ale-Tub's Complaint.

Unkind Devil, thus at last deceive me!
Stay till the Ale was out, and then to leave me.
Hath not my service greater been by odds,
Than can be hop't from Bread and wooden Gods?
See how our off-spring altogether strive,
To keep the Ballance and the Ale alive,
Although at Bottom, while perfidious you
Tack to that *Triple Dogg* and *Damned Crew*
Of *Loyala's*, till they us all undo:
Sot that you are, to have a greater hope
From a few Priests, and an old doting Pope,
That their dry PLO TS, can e're your int'rest further
Than I have done, by Rapine, Whores, and Murder,
Who by the Liquor of my musty Cell
Hath sent you scores, nay hundreds, quick to Hell:
You are ungrateful, thus to leave old Friends,
And think *Rome's* Vassals e're can make amends;
Who when their work is done will Domineer;
And swear that hell was meally mouth'd for fear:
Then turn your hand, and on our side it give,
Or they will stave my Hogshead as I live,
And so grow sober, then shall both on's pass,
Ale for a Witch, thou Devil for an *Ase*.

The Devil (or Jack on both side's) Reply.

What Ails this Drunken Puppy to Complain,
Thinks he I know not where's my greatest gain:
That Pack of Bandoggs, breed of Northern Tikes;
Shall Teize the souls of all that us dislikes;
Must my Vicegerent with his *Triple Crown*
By Empty Ale-Tubs e're be weighed down?
No know I am wiser, Drunkards are but fools
Unto this MEAL-TUB and his Holiness Tools.
'Tis true, the Ale-Tub, is our friend we know,
And oft from thence some Reeling to Hell go,
But these can Ruine Kingdoms at a Blow.
And where they Conquer, there the Herreticks feel,
Far greater Torments than our whips of Steel.
We Exercise upon our Slaves below,
Who (but for them) did ne're such tortures know.
Flay men alive, then forth their Bowels tear,
Women rip up with Child, and on their Spear
Mount their young Infants, while in blood they sprawl,
The Catholicks way to quiet them that Bawl;
Cities Consume with fire, Ravish Maid and Wife,
Destroy by Poyson, Pistol, Burnings, Knife,
With thousand other ways to End their hated Life.

But what is best of all: when they have done,
They call this holy work: most Christian—
Acted from pure zeal, and love so mild,
Makes them as guiltless as the Unborn Child;
Two *Ave-marys*, and one *Pater-Nos*—
Will make amends for all, and quit the Cost
They're daring sinners, of the Popes first Rate,
With God himself they will Equivocate—
By Breaden Gods they can Absolve a Lye—
Nay by the Mass they dare do more than I,
Not Tremble at, but mock the Deity.
Then cease to murmur, they shall bear the Bell
For Damn'd Designs, and PLO TS that out-does Hell.

The Jesuits speak their merits.

Most Holy Father, we do much admire
Your weighty Goodness, and your Reverend Sire,
Whose helping hand doth for us turn the Scale,
By him we have, and do, and shal prevail;
'Tis not Heavens Power that shall frustrate this
Most Brave design, which in the MEAL-TUB is;
Nor *Presbyterians* save their hated Throats,
Now at the last, by a Damn'd tell-tale Oar.
If Hell (for Heaven we mather not) conceal
This Blest Intreague, by all our Gods the MEAL
Shall have high honour, on our Altars that
Made into Gods be worshipt smoaking hot.
This matchless Treason, makes it holy all—
White as from Tower scrapt, or West-ward Hall;
This wonder-working Euch'rist shall do more
Than Jesuits Powder, Pentioner, or Whore,
Or all the Baffled Plots we e're Contriv'd before,
'Twill make the Herreticks all agast to see
Themselves the Plotters, murdered Legally.
And make us fat with Laughing, how they will
Divided fall and one another Kill:
'Tis holy sport to see their blood run down
In every Channel of the Burned Town,
While Changling *Robin*, Bugbear in the City,
Dye the *Green Ribbons* Red; by Hell that's pretty:
Then shall that Mote, in Northern eye be sped,
After Exile call'd back to lose his head.
But these are scraps of what our TUB contains,
And do these Coxcombs, with their addled Brains,
Think e're to weigh us down with Ale and Grains?
No Punies know, your Reeling throng's out-done,
We'll make all *England* stagger e'ret be Long:
But talking's Idle, let's toaction come,
And strike the stroaks, may Ruine Christendom.

Sir William Waller to Col. Mansell.

See Mansell where that Damned hellish Crew,
Are plotting Murders, and begin with you;
See heaven discovers unto thee and I
Their horrid Treasons, hellbred Villany,
Coucht in that pacquet brought by *Willoughby*.
Oh Blessed God! whose mercies infinite
Do yet preserve us from Eternal Night;
It's thou alone whose heavenly goodnes still
Defends our Lives (almost) against our will,
From these vile Plotters, Miscreants of *Rome*,
Blood-thirsty Villains, Pests of Christendom.
Direct me Heaven to take them in their toyl,
And all their Treasons, and their plottings spoil.
Let's in amongst them, *Mansel*, heres my hand,
I'll lose my life to save my native Land.
'Tis done, says *Mansel*, brave Sir *William*; I
In such a cause with you am proud to dye.
We'll make those Vermin know, we scorn their rage,
Our nobler Souls dares *Rome* and Hell ingage.
And if such manhood Reigneth in us two,
VVhat can't the Courage of our *English* do?
But Ruine all its Foes, when once provokt thereto.
Let's search that Pesthouse, where the Midwife's bred,
VVho brings *Rome's* Balfards and their Plots to bed,
Methinks it looks, as if the *Tower Beasts*
Had there some Prey on which they often feast.
'Tis there my Lady meets her trusty Steer;
Some *Newgate*-Birds and Sir Examiner.
There's Stars amongst them whence young *Tycho* drew
The Plots good fortune, but his own not knew;
See how the VVhores of either Sexes Tugg,
VVhile the *Grand Bawde* sits Brooding on the TUB,
VVe'll turn the Bottom upwards ere we go,
I'll lay my Life there's Treason at his Toe.
So off they fetch him, with his *Triple Crown*,
And threw the Croiser, and the MEAL-TUB down;
VVhence came such stuff the Devil, frightened, swore,
He never saw such Princely stuff before,
The Vest must yield the Belt unto the Nore.
Thus *England* once more is delivered from
Rome's Rogues abroad, and Plotters here at home:
Stand on your Guard, now hold your selves awake,
Lest their next Plot (you careless) Napping take.
Resipe & Cave.

F I N I S.